**Joseph’s Dreams**

Lyrics by Andrew Lloyd Webber. Music by Tim Rice

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| Narrator | Joseph’s coat annoyed his brothers |
| Brothers | But what makes us madAre the things that Joseph tells us of the Dreams he’s often had |
| Joseph | I dreamed that in the fields one dayThe corn gave me a signYour eleven sheaves of cornAll turned and bowed to mineMy sheaf was quite a sight to seeA golden sheaf and tallYours were green and second rateAnd really rather small |
| Brothers | This is not the kind of thingWe brothers like to hearIt seems to us that Joseph andHis dreams should disappear |
| Joseph | I dreamed I saw eleven starsThe sun the moon and skyBowing down before my starIt made me wonder whyCould it be that I was bornFor higher things than youA post in someone’s governmentA ministry or two |
| Brothers | The dreams of our dear brother areThe decade’s biggest yawnHis talk of stars and golden sheavesIs just a load of cornNot only is he tactless butHe’s also rather dimFor there’s eleven of us andThere’s only one of himHis dreams of course will not come trueThat is, we think they won’t come trueThat is, we hope they won’t come trueWhat if he’s right all along?The dreams are more than crystal clearThe writing on the wallMeans that Joseph someday soonWill rise above us allThe accuracy of the dreamsWe brothers do not knowBut one thing we are sure aboutThe dreamer has to go |